

Pb & J

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Pb & J

by [ALPHAwolf](#)

Summary

James attempts to confess his feelings to Severus with help of a visual aid.

(aka James tries winning Sev over with a sandwich)

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Summer break was just around the corner.

Now, usually James would be ecstatic about this, but now it was like someone had given him a deadline. He had only a week. A week to confess his feelings.

On the plus side, if he left it last minute and his crush reacted badly then he wouldn't have to face them for a few months. However, on the 0.001 chance they reacted well, or on the 0.00001 chance they returned his feelings, he only had a few days to spend any time with them. It was a kind of lose/lose situation.

He couldn't wait any longer though. The desperation to blurt out his feelings was making him irritatingly less confident and more distracted than usual. Even the rest of the Marauders had noticed. He had yet to tell them of his plan though. He figured it a much better idea to bag the prize then tell the boys.

James took a deep breath and put on his most charming smile, the type that made witches fall off their brooms, and sauntered into the Hogwarts Dining hall.

It was practically empty at this time on a Saturday, as lunch had only just been set out and parts of breakfast still remained. Most would arrive in an hour or so, but those who occupied the room now were mainly of the 'reject' calibre, introverts wishing to avoid the crowd and any negative attention it brought. Needless to say, there were less than ten in the hall, well-spaced out from one another with their heads down.

He spotted his target among the rabble straight away. It was a strange skill of his, as though that mop of greasy black called to him.

He quickly licked his fingers and slicked his eyebrows before swaggering towards the black robed teen, clearing his throat calmly as he sat.

Severus noticeably stiffened, long straight locks hiding his face as he hunched over his half-eaten plate of scrambled eggs.

At least James now knew how he liked his eggs, and he'd very much like to do just that to them.

The teen mentally slapped himself.

"You're at the wrong table, Swine." The Slytherin mumbled quietly, sounding a little tired. He wasn't surprised, it was only 11:40 after all, he'd had to force himself out of bed too.

"Can't I sit here and get myself some lunch?" He inquired, fetching two slices of bread off the table and placing them on his plate.

"...What do you want?" The pale boy asked as the brunette began to butter his bread. He could just see in the corner of his glasses the teen had inclined his head towards him, no doubt wearing a wary expression.

James thought about his next words carefully, ensuring each slice was buttered to perfection as he still hadn't decided what he wanted inside. Thankfully the situation was slightly less awkward than he expected it to be, considering the last time they had spoken had been *that* DADA class...

"You know, Snape," He almost went with 'Snivellus', but he figured it was better not to get the other all up in arms since he seemed so offended by the pet name. He didn't see why, after all he was adorable when he cried. "It's pretty uncommon for people to have the same species of Patronus." Severus froze in his peripheral vision, no doubt recalling *that* time. "In fact, supposedly it's a sign of being soulmates." He looked towards the thin Slytherin with his lady-killer grin to find the other glaring at his eggs.

"Well I hope you and Lilly are very happy together." He spat out quietly, stabbing at the food with his fork and unceremoniously shoving it in his mouth.

Wait what? Oh, right, she had the doe too. He'd almost forgotten. Evidently Severus hadn't, in fact, could that venom in his voice be jealousy? The prospect caused a twinge between his legs. Shush boner, now was the time to think with his brain. And his stomach, as he still hadn't decided on what to put in his sandwich.

"No no I meant-" An idea suddenly hit him as two jarred spreads on the table caught his fancy.

He grabbed the strawberry jam and peanut butter.

"Okay, so, just let me explain all right-"

"No." He ignored the other's immediate reply and opened the jam jar, shoving his butter-knife in.

“So, this jam is me, okay?” He began, covering one of the slices in the delicious red fruit jelly. “And this peanut butter is you.” He looked over at the other to catch his bewildered expression before beginning to cover the second slice in a heavy helping of the smooth paste.

“Did you just... put peanut butter on top of butter?” Severus stared on in disbelief at the Gryffindor. “You disgust me.” He deadpanned.

“Just- shh, that’s not important! So, the jam slice is me right? Tastes great, sweet, everyone loves it-” Plus, James minus the ‘es’ was jam, as Sirius had so kindly pointed out whilst trying to figure out a nickname for him. Thank Merlin Remus came up with Prongs before it stuck.

“Why are you still here?” Severus asked, but the Gryffindor continued on.

“-And the peanut butter slice represents you. Greasy, less popular,” Nuts, but he wouldn’t say that part aloud.

Snape was looking at him absolutely flabbergasted, but at least he had the full attention of those big, beautiful obsidian eyes and that delectable, twink body no brain stop we’re trying to make a point here!

“And both these things taste fine on their own,” James assured, “buuuut,” he carefully put the slices together as if it were some great feat, smiling and turning the face the Slytherin fully, “they’re so much better together.”

Severus stared at him with wide eyes, and the chaser could almost swear they were having a moment.

“.... Are you high?” Well, he had been having a moment.

“What!? No! I-!” Suddenly Snape’s bony petite hand was covering his mouth and holy shit the other must have showered (for once in his life) or washed his hands cause his skin smelled amazing. He was melting against the gentle, floral scent of meadows and textbooks lingering on that smooth hand. He hardly noticed the smaller’s glare, dropping the sandwich back on his plate.

“Let’s... just, pretend this conversation never happened.” The teen decided aloud, pulling his hand away as he deliberately ignored how much James appeared to be enjoying the touch.

He abandoned his brunch and stood as the chaser sighed.

“Yeah, fair enough...” Potter mumbled as the object of his affections promptly walked off.

His head fell forward towards the table, landing on his peanut butter jelly sandwich with a squelch.

Dammit.

End Notes

Just a lil sumthin' to I threw together to sate sum cravin's and pass the time I should be using to study
Remember to Kudos it makes it worth it!

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